

A Christmas Posy



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A CHRISTMAS POSY.

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A CHRISTMAS POSY

A
CHRISTMAS POSY

OF
CAROLS, SONGS,
AND OTHER PIECES,

BY

(LADY LINDSAY.)

Lindsay, Caroline Blanche Elizabeth
"Fitzroy, Lady

"*Happie is the fellowshipp of the heavenlie Citizens. What songes, what instruments, what hymnes, what melodie soundeth there with Alleluia? . . . O howe luckie should I be if I might heare the most pleasaunt Carols of the Citizens! But over happie shoulde I be might I once attaine to sing a song myselfe, I say to sing one of the sweete songs of Sion to our Lord Jesu Christ.*"—ST AUGUSTINE.

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“I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together.”—*Isaiah* xli. 19.

“The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary.”—*Isaiah* lx. 13.

CHRISTMAS

C HRIST, Christ, is born to-day !
H oly be thy holiday.
R ise betimes, and haste away,
I n thy church to kneel and pray,
S urely from thine heart to say :
T hou, O Lord, will I obey.

M any poor around there be—
A lms give thou, and sympathy,
S o God's blessing 'light on thee.

BY NAZARETH'S GREEN HILLS

By Nazareth's green hills and dales,
There where the wild red lilies blow,
Down to the shore among dusky vales,
The young child Jesus once did go.

*(Then see, then see,
On lattice and ledge our garlands be—
The ivy bush and the holly tree.)*

Tall palm trees bowed to let Him pass,
And doves made plaint and murmur sweet ;
The slender blossoms of parching grass
With daisies leaped to kiss His feet.

*(Then see, then see,
On lattice and ledge our garlands be—
The ivy bush and the holly tree.)*

BY NAZARETH'S GREEN HILLS

From Galilee's breast the south wind sang,
And white clouds drave o'er the steep hill-side ;
The sun and moon and the pale stars rang,
And joy throbb'd loud in this world so wide.

*(Then see, then see,
On lattice and ledge fresh garlands be,
To grace our King's nativitië—
The ivy bush and the holly tree.)*

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS is a-drawing near,
Christmas tide and Christmas cheer,
Merry wassail, merry song,
Joyous dance and roundelay—
All that doth to Yule belong.
Yet unto my soul I say :
“Thou that slumberest, wake and pray.”

Christmas is a-nearing quite,
Time of feast and full delight,
Pleasant pomp and allegresse,
Harp and viol's music gay,
Jewelled tokens, gaudy dress.
Yet unto my soul I say :
“Thou that slumberest, wake and pray.”

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a-chiming soon,
Bringing Love for choicest boon,
Pensioners to sit in hall,
Comrades, friends of many a day,
Greeting fair from great and small.
Yet unto my soul I say :
“Thou that slumberest, wake and pray.”

CHRISTMAS, PRITHEE

CHRISTMAS, prithee, be thou drest
In thy best—
Snowy wimple, snowy gown—
Laying down
Flooring pure and white, to greet
Jesu's feet.

Gloria in Excelsis.

Bid thy frosty handmaids bear
Through the air
Cloth of silver for thy veil
Clear and frail,
While the robins welcome sing
To thy King.

Gloria in Excelsis.

CHRISTMAS, PRITHEE

Angels o'er thy radiant brow
 Leaning low,
Joyous, carol once again
 Sweet refrain,
Seeing our dark earth so fair :
 “ *Peace be there,*
 Gloria in Excelsis.”

HAPPY SHEPHERDS

HAPPY shepherds, pipe and trill !
So your earth-tuned melody
Join the angels' harmony,
Far beyond yon snow-bound hill.

*(Praise to God and peace on earth :
Christ is come of mortal birth.)*

Happy shepherds, kneel and pray !
First to you the message given,
First for you the song from heaven,
On that blessed Christmas day.

*(Praise to God and peace on earth :
Christ is come of mortal birth.)*

HAPPY SHEPHERDS

Set in silver, as a gem,
Gleams among the stars yon star ;
Ride the wise kings from afar
Toward the babe in Bethlehem.

*(Praise to God and peace on earth :
Christ is come of mortal birth.)*

In a manger's grassy bed—
He, the Lord of Life and Time,
Lord of each wide world and clime—
Meekly chose to lay His head.

*(Praise to God and peace on earth :
Christ is come of mortal birth.)*

WHEN JESU WAS A LITTLE CHILD

WHEN Jesu was a little child,
He sleep'd on Mary's knee and smiled,
 She rock'd Him on her knee ;
*(So pray you hearken, gentles all,
And give us cheer in house and hall,)*
 She rocked Him on her knee.

“Nowell, Nowell,” the angels sung,
The dumb beasts spake in unknown tongue
 For Benedicite ;
*(So pray you hearken, gentles all,
And give us cheer in house and hall,)*
 For Benedicite.

WHEN JESU WAS A LITTLE CHILD

The shepherds' flute gave merry sound,
With hollies green they strowed the ground,
 For joy the Christ to see ;
*(So pray you hearken, gentles all,
And give us cheer in house and hall,)*
 For joy the Christ to see.

“NOWELL, NOWELL!” SANG
GABRIEL

“NOWELL, Nowell!”
Sang Gabriel,
And all the host around
With joyful voice
Echoed the sound,
And bade mankind rejoice.

The shepherds then,
Poor simple men,
That kept their flocks at night,
Stirred by the song,
In great affright
Beheld the angelic throng.

“NOWELL, NOWELL!” SANG GABRIEL

Three kings afar,
Led by the star,
Came riding on the way ;
They bent the knee
To Christ that day,
And so to-day do we.

SALVATOR MUNDI

Salvator Mundi natus est—

Chaunt the evangel east and west,
North and south, from pole to pole ;
Yea, repeat it, O my soul !

Salvator Mundi natus est—

Sing it, little birds in nest ;
Tell it, fishes of the sea,
And all ye beasts on hill and lea !

Salvator Mundi natus est—

Christ, be Thou our Yule-tide guest ;
Dwell within each joyful heart,
Giving grace to every part !

SALVATOR MUNDI

Salvator Mundi natus est—

On Thy promise, Lord, we rest—
Babe and Saviour, man and God,
Who for us Death's valley trod.

Salvator Mundi natus est—

Through Thee our sinful world is blest.
At Thy cross we kneel and pray,
Jesu, to greet Thy natal day!

WOULD I HAD BEEN A SHEPHERD

WOULD I had been a shepherd
 In those wondrous days of old,
A-watching on the hill-side
 To bring my flock to fold.
I had seen the heavens opened,
 And angels singing then :
“Glory unto the Highest,
 Goodwill, goodwill toward men !”

Would I had been a shepherd,
 The babe divine to view,
That lay in stable shelter,
 Where the starlight shimmered through.

WOULD I HAD BEEN A SHEPHERD

Would I had been a herdsman,
'Fore Him to bend my knee
Who came to claim the wanderers,
And set the captives free.

Yet can I hear my Shepherd ;
His call rings far and wide.
For sake of us, a gentle babe,
He comes at Christmas-tide ;
For us His cross is lifted,
For us He suffers still,
While the angels still are singing :
“ Toward men goodwill, goodwill ! ”

CAROL, CAROL

CAROL, carol, tenderly and sweetly
Over the mountain, over the wold ;
Let the jubilant message fleetly
Now in castle and cot be told :

*Christ the Lord is born, and He
Dons our poor humanity.*

Hark ! the tidings of Christmas ringing
East and west, and from land to land ;
While we villager lads go singing,
Under the starlight, hand in hand :

*Christ the Lord is born, and He
Dons our poor humanity.*

CAROL, CAROL

Angels sang of the coming glory,
Years ago, in far Bethlehem ;
Kings and shepherds re-told the story—
We would echo it back to them :
Christ the Lord is born, and He
Dons our poor humanity.

NOW THAT GREEN WREATHS

Now that green wreaths deck your lintels,
Now that pure snow veils the ground,
Hark ! the angels' joyful message,
God's own blessing shed around :

*Peace, goodwill, to high and lowly,
Grace of heav'n brought down to earth,
For to-day the Saviour holy
Takes upon Him mortal birth.*

Tell the shepherds, tell the wise men—
Glory be to God on high !
In a manger for His cradle
See the Lord of Majesty !

NOW THAT GREEN WREATHS

*Peace, goodwill, to high and lowly,
Grace of heav'n brought down to earth,
For to-day the Saviour holy
Takes upon Him mortal birth.*

Under that poor roof, beside Him,
Joseph kneels and Mary mild ;
While the angels lull to slumber
The divine and wondrous child.

*Peace, goodwill, to high and lowly,
Grace of heav'n brought down to earth,
For to-day the Saviour holy
Takes upon Him mortal birth.*

So the Christ-babe comes among us,
In dark winter, year by year.
Pray you for His sake to give us
Merry welcome, kindly cheer.

NOW THAT GREEN WREATHS

*Peace, goodwill, to high and lowly,
Grace of heav'n brought down to earth,
For to-day the Saviour holy
Takes upon Him mortal birth.*

GREEN GROWS THE HOLLY TREE

Green grows the holly tree, green grows the yew,
And some there be that make good cheer the merry
Christmas through.

We pray you for a penny, we pray you for a pound—
The cold winds whistle from the wold, and snow is
on the ground.

Through the frosty window-pane red gleams the light.
Fain by your kindly hearth would we sing to-night,
Carols for your pleasure, carols old and new—
Green grows the holly tree, green grows the yew.

WE PRAY, KIND GENTLES

WE pray, kind gentles, ye'll beckon us in
To stand by your warm red ingle-nook ;
The snow-clouds are gathering far and wide,
And dark and chilly is Christmas-tide.

If all God's world be as kith and kin,
Where none are forgotten and none forsook,
Ye'll call us in, for a while to bide—
So dark and chilly is Christmas-tide !

The shuddering moon can scarce begin
Through Night's black veil to struggle and look ;
The snow-clouds are gathering far and wide—
O dark and chilly is Christmas-tide !

ROBIN ON THE BOUGH

ROBIN on the bough,
Merrily sing thou !
Bid thy little throat
Tune its sweetest note.
Bird of Christmas-tide,
Carol far and wide !

Robin on the thorn,
Christ to-day was born.
Thou who, as men tell,
Gavest souls in hell
Drops of water cool
From a limpid pool—

ROBIN ON THE BOUGH

Burning thy soft breast
Thus to scarlet vest,
Evermore to prove
Thy good deed of love—
Bird of mercy, stay ;
Sing thy joyous lay !

Robin on the tree,
Christ-like thou wouldst be,
Sinners help to bring
By thy suffering.
So may Jêsu make
Us for His dear sake !

RING THE BELLS

RING the bells,
Ring the bells,
Ring the merry Christmas bells,
And let their voice resound
Around, around,
Till o'er the leas and o'er the fells
The gladsome echo loudly tells
How we to-day
Are blithe and gay,
And how for all sad hearts we pray.
Ring the bells,
Ring the bells,
Ring the joyful Christmas bells!

RING THE BELLS

Ring the bells,
Ring the bells,
Ring the merry Christmas bells.
So ring them high and low,
O'er ice and snow,
O'er craggèd hills and silent dells,
While round the earth the message swells
How we to-day
Are blithe and gay,
And how for all sad hearts we pray.
Ring the bells,
Ring the bells,
Ring the joyful Christmas bells !

A CHRISTMAS FANCY

THERE dwelt a little sprite
In a belfry high,
Up close to the sky,
And there, by day and night,
He heard the big bells clang with ever-new delight.

He was a shrewish thing,
On mischief bent
With wild intent ;
He loved the bells to ring,
But mostly was he glad discord and dread to bring.

At times there passed a sound
Of melody faint,
As though a saint

A CHRISTMAS FANCY

Sang low—folks stood spell-bound,
Then on a sudden gasped, for silence reigned around.

Or, when in church there pealed
The organ loud,
And the reverent crowd
Hymned praise, or meekly kneeled—
Down came a hideous din, as though fiends fought
and skreeled.

It was the elf, no doubt—
So wise men said,
With shake of head ;
And maids scarce ventured out
When 'storm-winds crossed the plain, lest ill should
come about.

And far away at sea,
In evening late,
The mariner's fate

A CHRISTMAS FANCY

Wailed itself plaintively
From that same belfry tower girt by an ivy tree.

And children screamed for naught ;
And peaceful men
Heard now and then
Fierce battle-sounds, loud fraught
With stirring trumpet-calls, and left their homes
distraught.

Thus homely folks were dazed ;
And all the while,
With wicked smile,
The sprite peered down half-crazed,
Because of joy to make this silly world amazed.

Only on Christmas morn—
Ay, once a year—
He bent his ear
And shrank back all forlorn,
While o'er the vale the bells' sweet carolling was borne.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY

At every Christmas tide

He was undone :

His power right gone.

When peace on earth doth stay,

'Tis angels ring the bells—the peasant people say.

TURN THE OLD YEAR FROM THE DOOR

TURN the Old Year from the door,
Out into the frost and snow ;
We shall never see him more—
Let him go then, let him go !

Hath he brought us aught of good ?
None may keep him an they would.
Hath he brought us aught of pain ?
None need fear he'll come again.

*Turn the Old Year from the door,
Out into the frost and snow ;
We shall never see him more—
Let him go then, let him go !*

TURN THE OLD YEAR FROM THE DOOR

At our gate the New Year stands,
Holding out his baby hands ;
Take him to your heart, that he
Bring you sweet felicitie.

*Turn the Old Year from the door,
Out into the frost and snow ;
We shall never see him more—
Let him go then, let him go !*

On his back the Old Year bears
Faults and follies, griefs and cares ;
We may weep a tear to-day,
Yet we would not bid him stay.

*Turn the Old Year from the door,
Out into the frost and snow ;
We shall never see him more—
Let him go then, let him go !*

TURN THE OLD YEAR FROM THE DOOR

At the last he gives one look,
Ere by all men he's forsook ;
And he quavers : " Ah, forget !
Bide a while, and ye'll regret."

*Turn the Old Year from the door,
Out into the frost and snow ;
We shall never see him more—
Let him go then, let him go !*

DECEMBER SONG

WHO would thy laureate be
And tune for thee,
O cruel Winter, churlish king,
Grim lord of dearth, and ice, and snow,
That com'st with footstep hard and slow
Across the brown and withered leaves
To store thy diamonds in our eaves?
Who would thy triumph sing?

No heralds thine, as they,
In bright array,
That weave for Spring her rainbow dress ;
Brave maids, they greet her waking hour—
Primrose, Lent lily, and Wind-flower.

DECEMBER SONG

What though thy frosty mandate's writ
On twinkling lattice-panes—can it
Command our tenderness?

Yet given to thee is grace
Of noblest place
'Mong seasons of our changing earth.
For He Who rules each yearly round
Was lowly born on wintry ground.
Yea, Winter brings the Christmas time ;
White Winter, ringing Christmas chime,
Rings in the White Christ's birth.

A CRADLE SONG

LULLABY, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

What shall I bring to thee?
What shall I sing for thee?

Unto her roost the sparrow goes,
In sleep the red-tipt daisies close,
The golden lights fade on the hill,
High on the trees the leaves are still.

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

A CRADLE SONG

What be thy dreams, and canst thou see
Into thine own futurity?
Thy frame is of such tiny span—
Yet may my babe become a man.

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

Sleep softly in my lap the while
I watch thine eyelids and thy smile,
The silken hair, the outstretched hand,
And nods that mothers understand.

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

Those rosy cheeks and curled-up feet
Are fair and dear and tender-sweet,
And close I hold my darling boy
That is my love and hope and joy.

A CRADLE SONG

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.

Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

Thy Saviour was a babe also,
One Christmas-tide, long, long ago ;
And now He gazes down on thee,
With love on thee, on thee and me.

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.

Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

What shall I bring to thee ?

What shall I sing for thee ?

IN A GARDEN WILD

THERE is a garden,
A garden wild,
And in it wanders
A little child.

The angels are fraying
A path for His feet,
And high in the branches
The birds sing sweet.

And who can know
How His heart may yearn,
Or who can see
What His eyes discern ?

IN A GARDEN WILD

But Mary is calling :
"Come home, my son ;
The shadows are falling,
The day is done."

THE STAR OF THE EAST

THE ANGELS.

GLORY to the Highest,
To the Eternal King ;
Peace on earth ; with hallelujah
Bid the nations sing.

Gloria in Excelsis.

AN ANGEL.

What wilt thou, star?

THE STAR.

I wend my way on high for sign,
To lead unto the Light Divine
Laid meek in manger, 'mong the kine,
In Bethlehem far.

THE STAR OF THE EAST

THE WEST WIND.

Star that art hither travelling,
Command me !

THE STAR.

Prithee droop thy wing,
Nor in yon gossamer of cloud
Do thou my lambent rays enshroud.

THE MOON.

Shall I thee herald ?

THE STAR.

Nay, thy warder light
Must climb and guard the outposts of the night.

THE FIXED STARS.

Thrice-blessèd orb of our great firmament,
Would that with thee our prisoned steps were bent.

THE STAR OF THE EAST

THE PLANETS.

Thrice-blessèd orb of our great firmament,
Would that with thee our ordered steps were sent.

THE TREES.

Thrice blest ! Thrice blest !

THE BIRDS.

From east to west
The wise kings follow on their quest.
Through yonder vale they come, behold !
With gifts of myrrh and spice and gold.
Behold, behold !

THE SNOW.

But yesternight I laid with silent care
Upon the bleak hillside my napkin fair.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Imprint thyself, O star, upon my breast,
There where I would the feet of Christ might rest.

THE STAR OF THE EAST

THE TREES.

Thrice blest ! Thrice blest !

THE HILLS.

We are thy cradle ; 'twixt our rugged sides
Dawn peeps, and Day in rosy mantle rides ;
And, ere the plains thy holy mission learned,
We hailed the pathway where thy lanthorn burned.

THE STAR.

Praise be to God that this my new light brings
Three royal sages to the King of Kings.

THE SHEPHERDS.

Here our nightly watch we keep
Lest a harm befall our sheep,
Keep the wolf from off the fold,
Keep the infant lambs from cold ;

THE STAR OF THE EAST

Here we watch the night-time through,
Underneath the vaulted blue.
God preserve us night and day,
Guard us, like to sheep, we pray.

THE ANGELS.

Glory to the Highest,
To the Eternal King ;
Peace on earth ; with hallelujah
Bid the nations sing.

Gloria in Excelsis.

THE PEOPLE.

Thus goodwill and peace abide
'Mong us all this Christmas-tide !

Gloria in Excelsis.

A LITANY

PITY, Lord, the griefs that press
On our hearts, in storm and stress ;
Pity Thou our feebleness—
Christ, of Thy Divinity !

Pity, Lord, our days of toil,
Earthly sorrow, earthly toil—
We, worn children of the soil—
Christ, of Thy Humanity !

Pity Thou the doubts that yet
Our poor trembling souls beset,
All the folly, all the fret—
Christ, of Thy Divinity !

A LITANY

Pity Thou the wasted years,
Wasted deeds and wasted tears,
Vain regrets, remorse, and fears—
Christ, of Thy Humanity!

Pity, Lord, the yearning thought
That to Thee its love has brought,
Though it do or conquer nought—
Christ, of Thy Divinity!

Pity Thou the burdened life
That through din and thick of strife
Shields a mother, child, or wife—
Christ, of Thy Humanity!

Thou that art the Heavenly King,
Pity Thou each mortal thing
Born to sin or suffering—
Christ, of Thy Divinity!

A LITANY

Thou, that camest from on high,
Here for us to live and die,
Hearken to Thy people's cry—
Christ, of Thy Humanity !

Thou that wert an infant small
Laid within a meagre stall,
Listen to the children's call—
Christ, of Thy Divinity !

Thou, in humble birth, a man
Born to short and bitter span,
Bless that little which we can—
Christ, of Thy Humanity !

Thou, so merciful and great,
Meek in glory's high estate,
Bend to us who pray and wait—
Christ, of Thy Divinity !

THE CHRISTMAS OF THE SORROWFUL

THE shops are decked ; green wreaths hang fair to
see ;

Our town is gay with mirth and jollity ;

The people crowd, and laugh and dance in hall—

'Tis Christmas Day, a merry festival !

And sweet the story how, from Heaven's own gate,

The King's Son came, so left His mighty state,

While angels sang : “ Glory to God on high,

And on earth peace, for Christ new-born doth lie.”

Then shepherds marvelled, and a beauteous star

Guided the wise men from the Orient far,

To bend the knee where, in poor stable-rest,

The Virgin-Mother clasped her babe on breast.

THE CHRISTMAS OF THE SORROWFUL

Yet some there be that turn aside, and weep :
Some in whose life grief's canker gnaws o'erdeep,
Some racked by pain, or crushed by blindness' pall,
And some to cruel sickness bound in thrall ;

Some that stretch helpless hands across the flood
Which bore their dear ones from all worldly good—
Fain would they drag those pale ghosts back, and cry :
“ If Death take all I love, then I must die ! ”

And some starve daily, deeming rich folk hard,
While others from love's comfort stand debarr'd,
And some burn fierce in hate, revenge, or wrong—
Such fever, bred of injury, stays long.

Some, groping at Faith's door in misty doubt,
Are worn by conflict, from the Truth shut out.
To all these woful souls a Christmas morn
Brings but new grief and weariness forlorn.

THE CHRISTMAS OF THE SORROWFUL

Then bid them gaze toward Calvary's dark hill,
Where He, our Sacrifice, bleeds for us still—
Sinless, compassionate—for me, for you.
Yea, mortal anguish to the full He knew.

Misjudged He was—poor, mocked, in thought most
lone.

Scarce counted He a scrip or staff His own.
He wept, ne'er laughed, and His few years on earth
Were toilsome, void of praise, success, or mirth.

Faint hearts ! Christ's message wings not to the glad.
He calls the blind, the lame, the sick, the sad.
The Christmas of the Sorrowful, for sure,
Within His own short span did He endure.

When here His latest wintry days were spent,
He wrestled sore in prayer, and silent went
Out to the desert, sorrow-led, where dim
The future loomed, and Death encompassed Him.

THE CHRISTMAS OF THE SORROWFUL

His hours as holy stairs led up to God—
Steps that His aching bruised feet slow trod.
Dwell ye on this, ye that repine and fret,
That He may lift and walk beside you yet.

Bare earth and naked trees, on every side,
We see around us at chill Christmas-tide ;
Yet, later, shall the crocus buds of gold
Flame o'er this dank and desolate brown mould.

So shines the promise of each Christmas Day ;
Though dark our path, our Guide shall lead the way.
Here is good cheer, for Christ hath taught us peace—
The Man of Sorrows bids our sorrow cease.

AT EVENTIDE

No jarring sounds are heard abroad—

'Tis eventide.

Rest, wayfarer, and loose thy load.

Before thee level lies the road

At eventide ;

Farewell to heat and stress of day,

While garish colours fade to grey

Through eventide.

Swift hies the flush of mountain crown

From twilight spell ;

Cool dew to thirsty bloom drops down ;

The pallid moon, her silvered gown

AT EVENTIDE

In twilight spell,
Floats by some tender-tinted cloud—
A drifting ghost, with radiant shroud
Of twilight spell.

The lowing kine return to rest
When night is nigh ;
Each woodland piper seeks the nest ;
Smooth grows the river's storm-touched breast
Now night is nigh ;
And busy steps and voices cease,
For nature wields her wand of peace—
Calm night is nigh.

What of the night, O watchman, say ?
“ Life, life flies fast.”
What of the night, good watchman, pray ?
Climb to thy tower and peer for day—

AT EVENTIDE

“ This life flies fast—”

Turn eastward, so thine eyes behold
A saffron streak that breaks to gold—

“ Life, life flies fast.”

Flower o' the year, grown chill with age,
Must droop and close ;
The fugue has neared its final stage,
The poem holds one unread page,
But soon must close.

Warm life within us swoons and dies,
And we our heavy-lidded eyes
Soon, soon must close.

Yet, from the ashes of each year,
In passing hour,
New hope shall phoenix-like appear ;
Thus budding Spring-time follows near

AT EVENTIDE

The wintry hour,
And night has stars of radiant sheen,
That through day's glory were unseen
Till dusking hour.

Youth's Southern sunset fiery leaps
Unto the dark.
Age (grey-robed North) more slowly sleeps,
And, peaceful in declining, keeps
A truce with dark ;
So Twilight lingers, balmy, kind,
On eyes and brain, in heart and mind.
Then falls the dark.

Horizons fade with fading light
Of eventide ;
Well-nigh we touch the infinite,
For wreathing mist gives spirit-sight,

AT EVENTIDE

At eventide ;
Strange outlines of the promised shore
Loom through that new and wondrous door
Named Eventide.

And best is heard at eventide
The Master's call.
When life grows wan on every side,
Through silent peace is verified
The Saviour's call.
Then is toil o'er ; the curfew rings ;
Release and joy to some it brings—
Their Master's call.

He welcomes them ; the day is done.
Lord, reach Thine hand !
Thy faithful servants' course is run ;
Lead Thou to rest each weary one

AT EVENTIDE

With Thine own hand.
O Shepherd, take unto Thy fold
The sheep that, from the wintry wold,
Come to Thy hand !

A TRADITION OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

'Tis told that a wondrous city
Lies deep in the Zuyder Zee,
Deep down, by the waves in their surging
From the whole world hid away ;
Yet the fishermen hear the chiming bells
On each Christmas night, they say.

That city stood on a sandy plain,
Rich with an hundred towers ;
Her merchant sons dwelt in palaces,
Her maidens brought noble dowers ;
Their coffers were filled with jewels rare,
Their gardens were gay with flowers.

A TRADITION OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

They throve by the ocean harvest ;
They built on the spacious land ;
God gave them marvellous treasure,
Nor stinted the gifts of His hand,
And His angels held back the rising tides
From the shallow dunes of sand.

One night—it was Christmas evening,
And the bells were carolling loud—
The streets were decked with garlands green,
Half wrapt by a snowy shroud ;
And the townsfolk caroused and feasted—
A noisy unthinking crowd.

The north wind whistled sharply,
The cold snow slanted down ;
An old man entered the open gates,
And went tottering through the town.
He was so feeble and so wan,
He seemed wellnigh to swoun.

A TRADITION OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

He knocked at every lordly door :
 “ Alas ! and is none anear
To grant upon this Christmas night
 A crumb of Christmas cheer ?
None who will aid the wanderer
 For sake of the Saviour dear ? ”

He glances in at the lighted hall—
 An agèd man and worn—
He tells His need to each in turn ;
 They treat His prayer with scorn.
And so the Lord Christ wanders forth,
 Rebuked, alone, forlorn.

Yet His heart is filled with pity,
 In love He turns anew ;
And see ! a little tattered child
 Goes the sumptuous alleys through :
A little child with bleeding feet—
 A piteous sight to view.

A TRADITION OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

He begs from happy households,
He prays the menial throng ;
The Christ-child's voice is sweet and clear,
His patience brave and strong ;
But they heed Him not, though on their lips
Is many a Yule-tide song.

His baby hands are folded,
Meekly He bends the knee ;
Adown that lovely infant face
The tears fall, fast and free,
And the ragged mantle that He wears
Clothes Him but scantily.

Nay, there's for Him no shelter
In that city of wealth and pride ;
His craving hunger is unappeased,
And His pleading all denied ;
And silk-clad dames, as they rustle by,
From His nearness shrink aside.

A TRADITION OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

Ah woe! ah woe! for that city!

That city of pride and gain,
Where the Lord Christ came in a twofold guise,
And pleaded and prayed in vain.

Ah woe! ah woe! to that city

Deep-stained with a direful stain!

For now is the fiat of God gone forth,

And His curse o'ertakes the land;

No longer upon the rampart dykes

Shall His guarding angels stand,

But the sea sweeps on with relentless rush

O'er the low-lying dunes of sand.

The heavens are shrouded with sable clouds,

The crested billows grow black,

The storm and the ocean in fury embrace,

And the wild wind rides close on their track.

The sandhills stagger and slowly sink,

And sand-wreaths swirl over the wrack.

A TRADITION OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

Close, close to the city the great waves push,
Close, close to the city they come ;
In the shock of the columns that tower aloft,
Is the sky wrought of sand or foam ?
But the huge drifts reel, and settle, and press
O'er terrace, and tower, and dome.

Ay, never a living soul escaped
From that town by the Zuyder Zee,
And the rich domains, and the palaces,
Lie in deep seas hid away.
Yet the fishermen hear the chiming bells
On each Christmas night, they say.

*I give to thee a message, sent
Upon this Christmas morn :
Begin thy life anew, and learn
To wear what Christ has worn—
Be thine the rose of holiness,
Plucked from a crown of thorn.*

TRANSLATIONS

NOEL DE LA PROVENCE

TU que cerques tei delice,
Que n'ames que tei plesi,
N'auras tu jamai lesi
De dire adiou a tei vice?
Puisque Diou, hélas !
Cerquo ren que lei supplice,
Puisque Diou, hélas !
Souffro dens un jas.

Ton houstou n'es pa capable
Des lougea ta vanita,
Vos un palaj encanta. . . .
Sies tu pa ben miserable

A PROVENÇAL NOEL

THOU that seekest thy delight,
Thou that lovest only pleasure,
Wilt thou never own the leisure
From thy lusts to part aright ?

 Since that God, alas !
Seeking nothing but His anguish—

 Since that God, alas !
Suffers in a meagre shed.

Insufficient thy domain
For thy vanity as dwelling,
Thou a palace shouldst be selling. . . .
Art thou not o'erwhelmed by pain,

NOEL DE LA PROVENCE

Puisqu'un Diou, hélas !
Se contento d'un estable,
Puisqu'un Diou, hélas !
Logeo dens un jas ?

Au fond de ta cambro novo
Lorsque tires lou rideou,
Ny l'art, ny mai lou pinceou
Manquon pas a ton alcovo.
Mai Jesus, hélas !
N'es pas aqui que se trovo,
Mai Jesus, hélas !
Es au fond d'un jas.

Lei viando lei plus exquiso,
Lei vin les plus delica,
Podon jamai tro flatta
Ton gous ny ta gourmandiso.

A PROVENÇAL NOEL

Since that God, alas !
Is contented with a stable—
Since that God, alas !
Lodges in a meagre shed ?

Deep in newly-furnished tower,
Curtains close around thee fitted—
Neither art nor paint's omitted
For the beauty of thy bower.

Jesus, He, alas !
Is not to be found there present—
Jesus, He, alas !
Bides within a meagre shed.

Dishes exquisite indeed,
Wines most delicate of flavour—
None there be too choice of savour
For thy fancy or thy greed.

NOEL DE LA PROVENCE

Et Jesus, hélas !
Humo lou ven et la biso,
Et Jesus, hélas !
Juno dens un jas.

Après qu'as ben fa ripaillo
Te couches dens un beou lie,
Tout garni de brodarie,
Et d'uno fort bello taillo.

Et ton Diou, hélas !
Couche sus un pou de paillo,
Et ton Diou, hélas !
Couche dans un jas.

MICOULAN SABOLY, 1614-1675.

A PROVENÇAL NOEL

Jesus, He, alas !
Tastes the wild wind and the breezes—
Jesus, He, alas !
Fasts within a meagre shed.

When that thou art well refresh'd,
To a beauteous couch thou hiest,
Fine and wide, wherein thou liest,
Decked with broidery deftly mesh'd.

But thy God, alas !
On the scanty straw, most lowly—
But thy God, alas !
Lies within a meagre shed.

SUR LA NAISSANCE DE NOSTRE SEIGNEUR

QUI vid iamais au monde un miracle pareil ?
Un Dieu s'assuiettit aux loix de la Nature,
Le Createur de tout naist de sa Creature,
Et la Lumiere sort des ombres du Sommeil.

Bien qu'il vienne sur Terre en un pauvre appareil,
Qu'un Antre tenebreux luy serve de closture,
C'est luy qui fit du Ciel la belle Architecture,
Et qui fonda son Throsne au milieu du Soleil.

O celestes Esprits, saintes Intelligences,
Qui vous glorifiez de vos pures essences,
Et rendiez de vostre heur tous les Hommes ialoux,

ON THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD

Who e'er in this world hath such marvel beheld?
A God that to laws of our nature submits,
The Creator of all of His creature is born,
And Light from the shadows of slumber shines forth.

Though He come on our earth in garb of the poor,
Though a tenebrous stable Him serve for abode,
'Tis He who designed the fair scheme of the sky,
And builded His throne in the heart of the Sun.

O spirits celestial, by holiness wise,
Who glory because of your essence so pure,
And bade our humanity covet your state,

SUR LA NAISSANCE DE NOSTRE SEIGNEUR

Enviez aujourd'huy, par un contraire eschange,
Le bon-heur que le Ciel vient respandre sur nous,
Puisque Dieu s'est fait Homme, et ne s'est point fait
Ange.

GUILLAUME COLLETET, 1634.

O Jesulein zart,
Dein kripplein ist hart !
O Jesulein zart,
Wie liegst du so hart !
Schlaff Kindlein, due deine eigelein zue,
Schlaff und gib uns die ewige Rhue,
O Jesulein zart !

ALT-BAIRISCHES WEIHNACHTSPIEL.

ON THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD

To-day may ye envy, by inverse exchange,
The bliss that on us is from heaven bestowed,
Since God chose to be, not an angel, but man.

O tender Babe Jesus,
Hard is Thy cradle made !
O tender Babe Jesus,
Here art so poorly laid !
Sleep, little child, do Thou Thine eyelids close,
Sleep and give us eternally repose,
O tender Babe Jesus!

NOEL

JOSEPH et Marie sen allerent
Ung soir bien tard en Bethleem.
Ceux qui tenoient hostellerie
Ne les priserent pas gromment :

Sen allerent parmy la ville
Dhuis en huis leur logis quetant,
A lheure la Vierge Marie
Estoit bien pres davoit enfant.

Sen allerent chez un riche homme,
Logis demander humblement.
Et on leur respondit en somme :
“ Avez vous chevaulx largement ? ”

ANCIENT FRENCH CAROL

JOSEPH and Mary went their way
To Bethlehem full late one day.
The folks that had hostellerie
But little worth held them to be.

Thus all the town they wandered o'er,
And lodging sought from door to door.
'Twas at the hour Maid Mary should
Be nigh unto her motherhood.

A wealthy household they essayed,
And for some shelter humbly prayed.
The answer made their pleading vain :
“Bring ye a rich and stately train?”

NOEL

“ Nous navons qun boeuf et un asne ;
Voyez les cy en present.”

“ Vous ne me semblez que truandaille.
Vous ne logerez point ceans.”

Ils sen allerent chez un autre,
Logis demander pour argent ;
Et on leur respond en oustre :
“ Vous ne logerez point ceans.”

Joseph si regarda ung homme
Qui lappella meschant paisant :
“ Ou menez ceste jeune femme
Qui na pas plus hault de quinze ans ? ”

Joseph va regarder Marie
Qui avoit le cueur tres dolent,
En luy disant : “ ma chere amye,
Ne logerons nous aultrement.

ANCIENT FRENCH CAROL

“We have one ox, one ass alone;
Behold them here—the beasts we own.”

“Ye seem but vagrants to my mind,
And here no lodging shall ye find.”

Then to another host they hied,
And offered coin so they might bide;
But once again the speech was clear:
“Get ye from hence; ye house not here!”

There came to Joseph one that hailed
Him as a wicked churl, and railed:
“Where ledest her that hath in truth
But fifteen tender years of youth?”

Gazed Joseph then where stood apart
Mary most dolorous of heart.
And to her quoth he: “dear my dear,
Come elsewhere, for we rest not here.

NOEL

Jay la veu une veille estable,
Logeons nous y pour le present.”
A lheure la Vierge Marie
Estoit bien pres davoit enfant.

A minuiet en cette nuyttee
La douce Vierge eut enfant ;
Sa robbe nestoit pas fourree
Pour lenvelopper chaudement.

Elle le mist en une creiche
Sur un peu de foing seullement ;
Une pierre dessoulz sa teste
Pour reposer le roy puissant.

ANCIENT FRENCH CAROL

A stable shed I saw hard by,
There may we present lodging try."
'Twas at the hour Maid Mary should
Be nigh unto her motherhood.

At midnight to that Virgin mild
The self-same night was born a child ;
In costly fur she was not gowned
With which to wrap Him warmly round ;

But in a manger did she lay
Him on a meagre bed of hay,
With but a stone for pillowing
The head of Him, the mighty King.

NOEL DE LA BOURGOGNE

GIULLÔ, pran ton tamborin ;
Toi, pran tai fleûte, Rôbin.
Au son de cés instruman,
Turelurelu, patapatapan ;
Au son de cés instruman,
Je diron Noel gaiman.

C'éto lai môde autrefoi
De loué le Roi dé Roi ;
Au son de cés instruman,
Turelurelu, patapatapan ;
Au son de cés instruman,
Ai nos an fau faire autan.

A BURGUNDIAN NOEL

WILLIE, take thy tamborin ;
Thou, thy flute go bring, Robin.
Then to sound of these to-day—
Tooralooraloo, patapatapay—
To the sound of these to-day
I a blithe Nowell will say.

Custom was in time gone by
The King of kings to glorify ;
Then to sound of these to-day—
Tooralooraloo, patapatapay—
To the sound of these to-day
We will do the self-same way.

NOEL DE LA BOURGOGNE

Ce jor le Diale at ai cu,
Randons an graice ai Jésu ;
Au son de cés instruman,
Turelurelu, patapatapan,
Au son de cés instruman,
Fezon lai nique ai Satan.

L'homme et Dei son pu d'aicor
Que lai fleùte et le tambor.
Au son de cés instruman,
Turelurelu, patapatapan ;
Au son de cés instruman,
Chanton, danson, sautons-au.

A BURGUNDIAN NOEL

This morn the Devil smitten lies ;
Let our grace to Jesu rise !
Then to sound of these to-day—
Tooralooraloo, patapatapay—
To the sound of these to-day,
A grimace to Satan pay.

God and man attuned we see
More than flute and tabor be.
Then to sound of these to-day—
Tooralooraloo, patapatapay—
To the sound of these to-day
Sing and dance and leap in play.

ANCIEN NOEL DE BERGIERS

NOEL nouveau de ceste annee,
Chantõs gentils bergiers des champs,
Par musique bien ordonnee,
En voix sereine et en des chantz,
Car anges nous ont en chant,
 Nous denonçans
Que gloire si nous est donnee,
Par ung enfant que allons serchans,
Dont fault que nous soyons marchans
En Bethleem ceste journee.

Troussons sacquelets et malettes,
Fleutttes, flaiotz et chalemeaulx,
Panelieres, coffins, houlettees,
Et marchons avec nos aigneaulx,

SHEPHERDS' CAROL

A NEW Nowell this year come sing,
Ye gentle shepherds of the field,
With musick well devised and taught,
In voices clear, melodious fraught,
Because the angels, carolling,

Have unto us revealed :

Glory is granted here below
Through Him, a child, we seek to see ;
So must we forthwith haste and go,
In Bethlehem this day to be.

Haste we, and gather sack and srip,
Flute, flageolet, and pipe of reed,
The osiered wallet, coffer, crook—
Nor shall our lambkins be forsook,

ANCIEN NOEL DE BERGIERS

Et tous nos instrumens nouveaux
 Jolys et beaulx :
Accordans disans chansonnettes,
Le merciant de cueurs loyaulx,
Nous offrans ces pauvres vassaulx,
Chantans noel en chansons nettes.

Offrons Luy nos cornemusettes,
Et de moutons les troupeaux,
Aigneaulz et brebis et brebisettes,
Chientes, cabris, et cabriaulx.
Et dessus ces beaux vers preaulx
 Faisons les saulz
Avecques ces gayes bergerettes
Qui sont de fleurettes chapeaulx,
Si de sans balades et rondeaulx
Chantons noel en chansons nettes.

SHEPHERDS' CAROL

While with new instruments we trip,
 That are sweet-toned indeed.
Then, as harmoniously we sing,
And praise Him with right loyal heart,
For gifts His servants poor we bring,
Chanting Nowell in simple part.

Our cornemuses offer Him,
And herds and flocks from pasture led,
White lambs and ewes, and yearling sheep,
Young hounds, and pretty kids that leap ;
And on these meadows green and trim
 The merry dance we'll tread
With shepherd maids becrowned of flowers,
Sweet shepherd maids of joyful heart,
While, though no classic rounds be ours,
We chant Nowell in simple part.

UN DIALOGUE

LE BERGER

LAISSONS, bergers, en ces patis
Nos moutons paître l'herbe tandre,
Ia nous deussions estre partis,
Vers Bethléem il nous faut tendre,
Puis qu'en ce lieu
Le Fils de Dieu
Naissance humaine a voulu prandre.

LA BERGÈRE

C'est bien dit, O mon doux berger !
Durant cette clarté si belle
Vers Bethléem d'un pié léger
Marchons pour voir cette nouvelle,

A DIALOGUE

THE SHEPHERD

YE shepherds, leave we here our flocks,
Upon the young grass pasturing ;
Already should we be away
To Bethlehem now journeying,
 For on that sod
 The Son of God
Chose from a human stem to spring.

THE SHEPHERDESS

Well said, O gentle shepherd mine,
And, with such lovely light for view,
Let us to Bethlehem, swift of foot,
There to behold this marvel new,

UN DIALOGUE

Dont Gabriel,
Ange du Ciel,
Nous rend témoignage fidèle.

LE BERGER

Ce haut discours que j'ay oui,
Que l'Ange nous a fait entendre,
M'a tout le coeur si réjoui,
Que je ne saurois plus atandre,
Sans mon Dieu voir,
D'un saint devoir,
Qui veut pour moy si bas décendre.

LA BERGÈRE

De ce doux chant si gracieux
Mon âme est tellemant saisie,
Qu'au Ciel toujours levant mes yeux,
Comme en extase suis ravie,
Pansant encor
Au doux accord
D'une si divine harmonie.

A DIALOGUE

Of which did tell
Great Gabriel,
Who gives to us a witness true.

THE SHEPHERD

That high discourse which I have learned,
The which the Angel bade us hear,
Has so rejoiced my heart in full
That I no more may linger here,
But bend the knee
My God to see
Who for my sake comes lowly near.

THE SHEPHERDESS

Through that sweet song of graciousness,
My soul is so entranced and filled,
That heavenward lifting up mine eyes
As by an ecstasy I'm willed,
And still in thought
The chords seem wrought
Of harmony divine that thrilled.

UN DIALOGUE

LE BERGER

Encore nous faut-il porter
Quelque nouveauté excellante :
Celui qui veut Dieu visiter,
Il faut qu'il ait la main balante :
C'est Dieu qui fait,
Et qui défait ;
C'est Dieu qui arouse et qui plante.

LA BERGÈRE

I'ay un plain pot de lait nouveau,
Tout sortant du pet â la vache.

LE BERGER

Moy je veux porter un aignau,
Qui n'a ny macule ny tache.

LA BERGÈRE

I'ay bien encor
Un beau trèsor,
Mais je ne veux pas qu'on le sache.

A DIALOGUE

THE SHEPHERD

Yet is it needful that we take
Some new gift excellently plann'd ;
For he that unto God will turn
Must ne'er appear with empty hand ;
 God builds our joys
 And He destroys,
He waters and He plants the land.

THE SHEPHERDESS

I have a great bowl of new milk,
Just freshly taken from the cow.

THE SHEPHERD

And I will carry a young lamb,
That hath no spot or stain, I trow.

THE SHEPHERDESS

A treasure fine
Is likewise mine,
But I would fain that none should know.

UN DIALOGUE

LE BERGER

Quoy? que lui portez-vous, ma seur?
Dites-le-moy, je vous en prie.

LA BERGÈRE

Je lui fais prézant de mon coeur.

LE BERGER

Et moy mon vouloir et ma vie.

LA BERGÈRE

Sus donc partons,
Et nous hastons.

LE BERGER

Que ne suis là fort il m'ennuye.

TOUSSAINS LEROY. *Chanoine du Mans.*
(*Commencement du 17ème. siècle.*)

A DIALOGUE

THE SHEPHERD

What wouldst thou give Him, sister, say?
Tell me, what should thy present be?

THE SHEPHERDESS

I make Him present of my heart.

THE SHEPHERD

My will, my life, I give them free.

THE SHEPHERDESS

Let us begone,
And haste we on.

THE SHEPHERD

Not to be there is grief to me.

DIE DREI KÖNIGE

So treten wir hin ohn allen Spott :
Einn guten Abend den gebe Euch Gott,
Einn guten Abend, ein fröhlichs Neujahr,
Dass uns kein Unglück widerfahr !

Zum Ersten, wir wollen Gott loben und ehrn,
Wir heilgen drei König mit unserm Stern ;
Wir heilgen drei König, wir tragen die Kron,
Wir meinen, wir wollen das Beste dran thun.

Da kamen wir vor Harodos sein Haus,
Harodos der kukte zum Fenster heraus ;
Harodos sprach mit lauter Stimm' :
“ Wo kommet ihr her ? wo wollet ihr hin ? ”

CAROL OF THE THREE KINGS

HERE and away in good faith we pace :
A happy evening God give you in grace ;
A happy evening, a joyful new year,
That no misfortune to us come near.

And, firstly, God will we honour and praise,
We three holy kings with the star of our ways.
We three holy kings, we are wearing the crown,
And 'tis our purpose the best shall be done.

It happed, when Herod's house we neared,
Herod from out of the window peered ;
Herod spake, and in loudest tone :
" Whence do ye come ? whither would ye be gone ? "

DIE DREI KÖNIGE

“ Nach Bethlahem steht unser Sinn,
Da kommen wir her, da wollen wir hin,
Nach Bethlahem, der schönsten Stadt,
Wo unser Herr Christus geboren ward.”

Harodos sprach : “ Kommt herein zu mir,
Ich will euch geben Wein und Bier,
Ich will euch geben Stroh und heu,
Und auch die ganze Zehrung frei.”

“ O nein ! O nein ! wir müssen jetzt fort,
Wir haben ein kleines Kindlein dort.
Ein kleines Kindlein, ein grosser Gott,
Der Himmel und Erde erschaffen hat.”

Und als wir auf den Wege gehen,
Da blieb der Stern ganz stille stehen.
Ach Stern, du musst nicht stille stehen,
Du musst mit uns nach Bethlahem gehen,
Nach Bethlahem der schönsten Stadt,
Wo unser Herr Christus geboren ward.

CAROL OF THE THREE KINGS

“Toward Bethlehem our mind we bend,
For that came we here, and to that we wend,
Toward Bethlehem, the city most fair—
Our Lord the Christ He was born there.”

Then Herod quoth : “ Come in to me here,
For I will give ye both wine and beer ;
Straw and hay will I give to ye,
And all your need shall be granted free.”

“ O no ! O no ! Now must we begone
For yonder a little young child we own,
A little young child, a God most great,
Who did both heaven and earth create.”

And as we went upon our way,
The star quite still awhile would stay.
O star, thou must not tarry so,
Thou must with us to Bethlehem go,
To Bethlehem, that city most fair—
Our Lord the Christ He was born there.

NOTE TO A CHRISTMAS POSY

The Carol "When Jesu was a Little Child," has already appeared in "The Apostle of the Ardennes." "Ring the Bells," and "A Christmas Fancy," have appeared in "Lyrics"; and "A December Song" in the "Flower Seller."

NOTE TO TRANSLATIONS

The Carols, etc., above given have been faithfully transcribed from various sources, *i.e.* two black-letter collections of early French Noels; a seventeenth century manuscript volume of Provençal Noels; Christmas Carols, by William Sandys, F.S.A. (1833); Die Geschichte der Deutschen Weihnacht by Alexander Tille, and other works.

NOTE TO THE CAROL OF THE THREE KINGS

In Schleswig Holstein, even down to the early part of the nineteenth century, it was still customary for three boys or young men to band together and go about singing:

"Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar by name,

We are the three holy kings that from Morningland came."

They were clad gaily according to their means, and carried on a pole a gilt paper star that was decked with velvet, with tiny bells attached to its rays, and a lighted lamp behind.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE PRAYER OF ST SCHOLASTICA AND OTHER POEMS

THIRD EDITION

PRESS OPINIONS

St James's Gazette.—" ' St Scholastica's Prayer ' will fully maintain, if it does not increase, the gifted writer's already high poetic reputation."

Literature.—" We have the inspiration, and the labour which gives it form ; we do not ask to have the eccentric or the startling ; the writer is too grave an artist to obtrude on us the merely obviously novel. Range is the note of this volume. . . . And, again, there is the poet's music—the artist's capacity for good technique."

World.—" The poem is profoundly touching ; the humanity and the super-humanity of it, the gentle reminiscence, the quiet unfathomable love, the submission, the faith . . . all these in verse, simple, musical, and dignified, give rarely felt pleasure to the reader."

Morning Post.—" Of all the pieces in the present selection, we like best the little lyrics, such as ' In Praise of Spring ' or ' My Maiden Beautiful.' The sentiments may be as old as love itself, but the thoughts are charmingly uttered, and ring with the sincerity of true poetry."

Pall Mall Gazette.—" Lady Lindsay's musical mastery of many forms of metre, from stately measures to lilting lullabies, is not the real secret of her charm. . . . It is the unceasing poet in Lady Lindsay that marks her apart from the mere versifier."

Month.—" In poetic grace, vivid power of description, and noble loftiness of tone, ' The Prayer of St Scholastica ' in no way falls short of Lady Lindsay's beautiful ' Chronicle of St Hubert.'"

Globe.—" From Lady Lindsay one can always depend upon receiving verse which is not only technically impeccable, but informed by sincere sentiment and refined reflection."

Bookman.—" Real poetry ; sure, deep, and beautiful ; its strength being felt unmistakably through the delicacy of fancy and elevation of thought."

Birmingham Daily Post.—" The poem which gives its name to Lady Lindsay's new volume of verse contains some passages that could only be equalled by one or two poets of our own age."

Glasgow Herald.—" These tales are told with grace and spirit. . . . ' The Knitter,' suggested by a mining disaster, is a beautiful and pathetic ballad."

Manchester Guardian.—" The legend of ' Gerasimus and the Lion ' has something of a limited and a childlike beauty of conception which is rarely attained without apparent affectation."

Cork Examiner.—"Full of tender thought, deep feeling, and delicate fancies exquisitely expressed."

Review of the Week.—"Lady Lindsay proves once more that she is the possessor of a very real poetic talent."

Weekly Register.—"The poem most dramatic in situation is that founded on the well-known legend of 'The Martyrs of Sebaste.' . . . Lady Lindsay's spirited poem."

Dundee Advertiser.—"The book does justice to Lady Lindsay's enviable reputation as a poetess."

Academy.—"Elegant and poetical."

Graphic.—"Lady Lindsay is a real poetess, and her new volume, 'The Prayer of St Scholastica' is full of deep feeling, strong emotion, and exquisite lyrics. Sincerity, grace, and, at times, a wonderful insight—these are the main characteristics of the verse. . . . There are moments when she strikes home most poignantly with beautiful and telling phrases."

THE APOSTLE OF THE ARDENNES AND OTHER POEMS

SECOND EDITION

PRESS OPINIONS

Pall Mall Gazette.—"A genuine poet. With what lofty purity of thought, what beautiful and intimate feeling, and what unflinching poetic instinct Lady Lindsay enters into all these phases and makes them a perfect whole we cannot hope to show."

Morning Post.—"Few poems of equal length and beauty have been produced by living writers, and Lady Lindsay must be warmly congratulated on the success of her labour of love."

St James's Gazette.—"From the first page to the last an actual, living piece of poetry. It gives its author a definite place among contemporary makers of poetry, and that place a worthy and a distinguished one."

Observer.—"Lady Lindsay has written a really beautiful poem, a poem full of delicate description and interspersed with delightful lyrics. . . . It should heighten her reputation and widen her audience."

Lady's Pictorial.—"In 'The Apostle of the Ardennes' one of the most accomplished of our living writers has written a beautiful poem."

Dublin Daily Express.—"Lady Lindsay has brought out the noble and beautiful features of her story with true poetic insight, and her many pictures of woodland life have a singular charm and vividness."

Newcastle Chronicle.—"Instinct with vividness of imagination, fluent play of fancy, subtle little touches, and a curious blend of delicacy and firmness. . . . Full of beauty as a finely cut diamond is full of fire."

World.—"By this poem Lady Lindsay attains a rank among the poets of our time high and indisputable. . . . The poem deserves grave appreciation and the tribute of keen emotion, for its qualities are very rare."

Yorkshire Herald.—"Worthy of Lady Lindsay's high reputation, which it will tend to enhance. . . . The verse is chaste, melodious, and stately."

Outlook.—"There is much real poetry in the volume."

Bookseller.—"Lady Lindsay has established her claim as a writer of poetry, and her latest production more than realises the hopes long since conceived."

Scotsman.—"No one will read this graceful poem, without taking an interest in St Hubert's name and memory."

British Weekly.—"A beautiful story told in fittingly beautiful words."

Queen.—"Bids fair to take its place among the few larger poems accepted by the public. The beauty of the poem lies above all in the elevated and poetical spirit which runs through it. It has many sonorous and beautiful lines, and is full of little gracious touches."

Sunday Times.—"A beautiful poem, which should make her recognised more surely among the true poets of the day."

Westminster Review.—"The stately verse of the poem makes it not unworthy of comparison with some of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.'"

Manchester Guardian.—"Perhaps only one living poet could do equal justice to a similar theme in a narrative poem of sustained flight."

The Month.—"Not only has a most high and noble theme been chosen, but in every page deep insight is revealed, and most perfect sympathy with that theme. . . . A most lovely Christian idyl, and one which lingers in the mind like the memory of some melodious, changeful symphony."

Church Review.—"We would pay a hearty tribute to the sympathy and insight with which the story is told."

THE FLOWER SELLER

AND OTHER POEMS

PRESS OPINIONS

Daily News.—"A collection of pieces, finely felt and finely fashioned, from first to last."

Speaker.—"The thought has grown richer and deeper; the style is surer, and, while not losing its simplicity, is often marked by an extreme dignity and beauty; and in many passages these poems arrive within the higher domains of poetry."

World.—"In the 'Flower Seller and other Poems,' by Lady Lindsay, we have the best that she has yet given us. The refined thought and musical utterance of her former poems are here, but she strikes a higher note in 'Outremer,' and the sonnets of this volume are more finely finished. Very beautiful is the story of the waiting and the longing of the painter monk for that 'promised shaft of blue.' 'The Flower Seller' is beautiful also; not so subtle and heart-searching as 'Outremer,' but a fine strain of romance, full of colour, stateliness, and the mortal ill of a love as innocent as it is impossible."

Globe.—"Lady Lindsay again shows considerable command of varied metre, which she handles easily, but her best and most lasting work, perhaps, takes the sonnet form. Here, also, is the individuality of thought and feeling and expression—a pleasant freshness in the choice of subjects and the mode of dealing with them."

Glasgow Herald.—"Lady Lindsay's new book begins with a pleasing tale, admirably told."

Scotsman.—"A dainty elegance, shown in a sonnet sequence and in a cycle of songs like Tennyson's 'The Window,' both of which exhibit many felicities in the handling of difficult forms of verse."

Daily Telegraph.—"In her sonnets Lady Lindsay is seen to best advantage."

Birmingham Gazette.—"The volume . . . contains much that betokens that the accomplished writer has the artistic sense and poetic sense, with beauty and loftiness of thought and no mean power of expression."

Academy.—"This mystical legend ('Outremer') is set forth with delicacy and charm. But more charming still are some of Lady Lindsay's lyrics. . . . These not infrequently possess a free and spontaneous quality that reminds one of the bird that 'starts into song one moment—then is still.'"

Pall Mall Gazette.—"Lady Lindsay writes with a graceful and facile pen, and rhyme and rhythm are ready to her hand. There is much thought and pathos in her little volume. Perhaps the shorter lyrics show most poetical power, though 'In Sleep' and 'The Gentle Knight' are finely finished work, and 'West of the Mountains' is a tiny flawless gem."

Daily Courier.—"Lady Lindsay proves that her faculty for musical verse is as fresh and buoyant as ever. Meanwhile, in increasing the volume of her verse she has added to its strength; and the degree in which she has combined strength with sweetness is as rare as it is stimulating."

Morning Post.—"The Flower Seller' which stands in the fore-front, is clearly inferior to most of the poems which follow it, and particularly to the charming and brightly-written piece which is second in order, and which graphically portrays the influences of art and religion on the romantic mind of a cloistered monk. Decidedly poetical, too, is 'Long years after,' with its pathetic thoughts of the past—and, in a very different style, 'The Stormy Petrel' is spirited and excellent."

Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.—"Lady Lindsay is so conscientious a worker, that it is scarcely surprising to find her rapidly coming into the front rank of poets."

Queen.—"It ('The Flower Seller') is distinctly the most striking poem I have read for a long time by anyone but our most recognised poets. Its charm, as I have said, is not in tricks of finish, but in the wealth of imagination and beauty with which the picture is presented to us."

THE KING'S LAST VIGIL

AND OTHER POEMS

THIRD EDITION

PRESS OPINIONS

Of "The King's Last Vigil" Mr Gladstone wrote: "It appears to me that the idea is very poetical; and the expression of it in a tone so reverent and tender cannot but do good."

Times.—"Lady Lindsay has generous sympathies, graceful fancy, skill and variety of versification, a wide reach of thought, and a broad range of theme. . . . Amongst contemporary singers, Lady Lindsay should take no undistinguished rank."

New Review.—"It may at least be maintained that she combines them" (the secrets of simplicity and distinction) "in a very high degree, in a degree not too common in contemporary art, and in a degree that proves her to be touched with the true inaccessible spirit of poetry, the spirit which (to use the outworn formula) is born and not created."

Speaker.—"This volume contains a notable deal of genuine poetry, expressed with admirable art."

World.—"The little touches of mirth, the sweet and solemn tones of melancholy, the bird music, and the fine correctness and completeness of the sonnet forms in which some of the best and highest thoughts of the poetess find expression, are equally rare and admirable."

Globe.—"Lady Lindsay's new book will increase and intensify her reputation as a writer of melodious and effective verse. . . . The general level of her workmanship is high—so high indeed that it is not easy to make selection of examples."

Glasgow Herald.—"The whole book is full of charm."

Star.—"I have long been an admirer of Lady Lindsay's children's poetry, but in this new volume, 'The King's Last Vigil, and other Poems,' she shows herself capable of work of more serious artistic significance and no less charm."

Sun.—"Lady Lindsay is one of the few among present-day poets who write verse that is simple, that expresses sentiment and emotion in

restrained yet effective words; that is graceful without being namby-pamby, delicate without being finnickig. Her lines have melody, strength, and grace."

Scotsman.—"The versification is always faultless."

Observer.—"In the book of 'Lyrics' and the verses for children, entitled 'A String of Beads,' Lady Lindsay had shown the world that she possessed considerable literary faculty in addition to genuine poetic feeling, and the variety of her poetical attainments is still further exemplified in this new volume."

Illustrated London News.—"Her 'Lyrics,' belonging to the present decade, and, followed by 'A String of Beads' only two years ago, secure for her an honourable place in any future collection. And now comes a new volume, called 'The King's Last Vigil,' of more importance in size and in range of subject, if not in art and beauty, than either of its predecessors. . . . A new, as well as a charmingly simple and sincere, note is struck by Lady Lindsay in her lines 'To My Own Face.' . . . For all this, and for much more that her volume gives us of answering charm, she holds the respect and admiration of her readers."

Irish Daily Independent.—"These poems are musical, sweet and tender, and reveal a beautiful nature."

Sunday Times.—"The whole book will be read with pleasure."

Birmingham Daily Post.—"The sweetness and sincerity of the graceful and simple poems is the abiding impression."

Liberal.—"In such pieces as 'Told in the Orchard,' 'A Violin Maker in the North,' 'Il mare mi chiama,' 'On the Morrow,' 'The Lover's Story,' she strikes a note distinctively original, like the song of some bird in the woodland, careless and free, singing for the sheer love of song. Many of her pieces, and these her best, are tremulous with a deep and profound pathos, evoked by the dread mystery of life and the vicarious suffering everywhere visible."

Queen.—"Lady Lindsay's new volume of verse shows a high level of attainment among the singers that are so numerous around us at the present day. . . . We must strongly commend Lady Lindsay's latest volume to all lovers of poetry."

Academy.—"So much applause has been showered on this little book that it is not easy to speak temperately. . . . Lady Lindsay is a poetess of real charm: it is easy to concede so much, but as yet she cannot claim exalted rank. . . . She has in her the makings of a fine poet."

Nature Notes.—"No critic would be slow to acknowledge the many charms of this dainty little book."

Vanity Fair.—"Her poems are of the type that bear reading and re-reading."

Woman.—"I have come to the conclusion that Lady Lindsay is a real poet, but that she writes real poetry only now and then. Some of the

things in the book linger in the memory by reason of their music, their true sentiment, and their fitting expression, and for these the volume is worth having."

Dublin Express.—"The proof of his" (Mr Gladstone's) "discernment is seen in the fact that a second edition of these poems has been called for in little more than a month since the issue of the first. . . . In a time when England is once again 'a nest of singing birds,' Lady Lindsay is to be congratulated on possessing a note distinctly her own."

Dundee Advertiser.—"A book which in all it contains does honour to a singer of marked poetic gift."

Sketch.—"A good many readers may have a pleasant memory of Lady Lindsay's verses for children, 'A String of Beads' In her new volume of poems, 'The King's Last Vigil,' she seeks a wider audience, and with considerable success. . . . There is something to be keenly grateful for in this volume of sane and simple verse."

Pall Mall Gazette.—"By the way—the subject being the poetry of women—how intensely one acknowledges a justified poem in another woman's work. This is Lady Lindsay's sonnet, 'To My Own Face.' What she says there is true, beautiful, as old as the race, and has never been said before."

Pall Mall Magazine.—"The 'Ode to Father Time' somehow recalls an early French poet in love with life; there is true phantasy in 'The Mad Mother's Lullaby,' and true pathos in 'A Poor Ghost,' and many an artless snatch of song—like the 'Bulfinch' triolet—beguiles the reader's journey. Two of the sonnets are really memorable—'Love or Fame,' and 'In Remembrance.'"

Court Journal.—"The King's Last Vigil.' . . . This is the title of the opening poem, which is an extremely beautiful little piece of work, simple in style, but thoughtfully conceived, and expressed with much grace of diction."

New Age.—"The sonnet 'To My Own Face' is the most subtle poem in a book where all is pleasing."

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